

## WIVES COMPETING.

Can Nobody Exceed the Record of Fourteen Living Children?

Mrs. Watchman Waldeck, of Castle Garden, Displays Her Jewels.

All Hoping to Win "The Evening World's" \$100, \$50 and \$20 Prizes.

One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate to the mother having the greatest number of living children.

A Fifty-Dollar Silver Certificate to the mother of the second largest family of living children.

A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a consolation prize to the proud mother of the third largest brood of children.

These prizes are to the mothers. The competition is to be covered by the following

CONDITIONS:

Every mother entering her offspring must live in the metropolis consisting of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken.

Only living children will be counted.

The mother must send to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD her own full name and nationality; her name before marriage; her age; the date and place of her marriage; the name and age of the father or fathers of her children and their nationality; the full name of each child, the date of its birth and present residence. Contestants must write upon one side of the paper only.

Accompanying this statement the mother should send a brief note from some well-known person, like the minister or priest, the family physician or the Alderman of the ward, stating that he knows or believes the statement to be true.

Among the many proud matrons who have entered the competition for THE EVENING WORLD prize none has a prettier family of children than Mrs. Richard Waldeck, of Brooklyn. The family live in the flat house 20 Nevell street, a quiet thoroughfare in that part of the City of Churches which is known as Greenpoint.

Fourteen children have come to their home, of whom nine are now living and five dead.

The first three little strangers who took up their abode there were boys. The next ten baby visitors were girls. Ten little girl babies all in a row. Then, to the surprise of the family, the neighborhood and all Greenpoint, a boy was born.

This was a remarkable boy, for he was born on the day Harrison was inaugurated, the 4th of March, 1889, and at about the hour Harrison took the oath of office on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. He began to be a prospective citizen of the United States the same day that Harrison began to be President.

The parents and aunts and uncles and cousins of the little guest who had come on this distinguished day were delighted. The father, Mr. Waldeck, and his uncles and his aunts insisted that he should be named Benjamin Harrison in honor of his being born on so memorable a day. The new name was unanimously adopted with great enthusiasm. It was bestowed on the little stranger and he has been President of the household ever since.

Indeed, his reign extends throughout the block. Foreign ambassadors from the neighborhood houses come to see him. His word in his own house is law. His administration must be a success, for he is praised by everybody.

Mrs. Waldeck's circle of children includes Benjamin Harrison and eight little girls. The eldest is a young lady of 16 years, and the youngest is the little President of Greenpoint, Benjamin Harrison Waldeck, five months old. And though he is the youngest of the family he has the most to say.

The family of pretty little girls and an infant President is as follows:

Martha A., born Dec. 9, 1873.  
Augusta, born April 10, 1875.  
Margaret, born Feb. 4, 1877.  
Evelina, born Nov. 26, 1878.  
Catharine, born Nov. 27, 1880.  
Annie, born April 6, 1882.  
Agnes, born Jan. 1, 1884.  
Jessie, born June 16, 1885.  
Benjamin Harrison, born March 4, 1889.

Mrs. Waldeck is a native of New York City, having been born in the metropolis Feb. 23, 1849, and is of German descent. Her maiden name was Miss Rosenfeld. She was married May 22, 1867, and has been married twenty-two years.

Mr. Richard Waldeck is a watchman at

Castle Garden. He was born in Hessen, in Germany, Feb. 20, 1845. He enlisted in 1868 in the Fifteenth New York Heavy Artillery, and was in the heavy fighting in which the heavy artillery, equipped as infantry, bore so distinguished a part in the capture of the Wilderness. In an engagement at White Oak Crossing, south of Petersburg, he was badly wounded, his right arm being shattered.

He received his discharge while lying on a cot in a military hospital. After the war, he enlisted in the regular army, and served two years, when he was again discharged on account of disability caused by his wounds.

The old war veteran is now pursuing the peaceful work of watching Castle Garden.

Eleven Left at Seventeen.

Seeing in your paper that you offer prizes to the mother having the largest families I send you my list.

My name is Ann Sophia Venvor, born in London, England. Name before marriage, Wilkes. I am forty-seven years old. My husband's name is Gennat, born in Bethlehem, Holland. He is fifty-five years old.

I am the mother of seventeen children, eleven of whom are living. Four are married and seven are at home.

I was married Sept. 17, 1856, by the Rev. William L. Peck, assistant minister of the Church of the Holy Evangelists, in Beekman street, New York City. My living children are:

Ann Sophia, born Sept. 8, 1859; William Gerrit, born July 30, 1861; Catherine Wilkes, born Aug. 19, 1863; Mattie Amelia, born April 25, 1872; Charles Christborn, born July 27, 1874; Benjamin Franklin, born Sept. 10, 1876; Harry Edward, born Nov. 25, 1878; Florence Alice, born Dec. 1880; Sarah Elizabeth, born Dec. 3, 1882; Ralph Irwin, born Jan. 4, 1885; Grace Jenette, born June 11, 1889.

For reference, see Police Capt. Martin Short, Fifth Precinct, Brooklyn, who knows the truth of this statement. My residence is 16 Bancroft place, Brooklyn.

Mrs. ANN S. GENNAT, Brooklyn, Aug. 6.

The King of Bean Bakers.

One who has amassed wealth by baking beans in Boston is L. G. Parmalee, of 15 Chester park, says the Boston Globe. His little bakery, a one-story frame building, stands not far from his residence, and there a reporter interviewed one of his employees recently.

"We fill the oven at 2 o'clock in the day and take them out at 4 in the morning. We intend to bake them fourteen hours," said he. "Do you bake 400 pots every day?" I suggested.

"That is our average. Some days it is a few more and some days a few less. So I cannot say of speaking how a man could grow rich at this singular business. The yield of the oven being 400 pots every twenty-four hours, and the price 20 cents each, there would be a net income of \$80 a day, half of which would be clear profit."

"To whom do you serve them?" "Almost entirely to restaurants and eating houses. We have no trade to speak of with private families. They all bake for themselves."

"Have you no competition?" "None to speak of. There is another small establishment downtown which started a year or so ago, but its business is small."

Mr. Parmalee was seen at his residence, 15 Chester park, where he has lived for more than forty years. He was born up in Vermont, came down here and worked in a bakery for a while and then went West. I got tired out there, came back and took this business, which then amounted to very little. We baked about forty pots of beans three times a week then. Now it keeps us busy to supply our customers with 400."

The king of bean bakers is also a collector of rare coins, and his collection, he says, is worth \$75,000, being the finest in America. It is the plaything of his leisure hours.

His Faith Shaken.

He concluded he would tell the child the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So he took him on his knee and told him how Santa Claus was a pretty fabrication made up by fathers and mothers who loved their children to make them happy, and the fathers and mothers were the real Santa Claus.

The small boy listened in silence. This was a shock to him, because, like other and more inexcusable people, he felt he had been making a painful exhibition of his ignorance. He slid down from his father's knee and walked across the room to the door. He opened it and stood holding the knob for a moment in a kind of deep thought. Then he turned and looked at his father. "Then he said, 'Papa, have you been filling me up about the devil, too?'"

Not a Disciple of Wagner.

Scene, the garden of a country villa—Passerby (at the gate)—Gardener, what is the matter up at the house—that terrible screaming?

Gardener (putting his hand to his ear to listen)—Don't make out exactly. Either the lady is practising her singing or some vile animal has got into the hen-house.

"My name is John de Land," he said, as if the announcement ought to be sufficient to cause the culprit to take to his heels in a panic. "What species of vagabond is this? A man in bed on my roof in the broad light of the morning? Explain yourself, if you can, sir, before I call the police."

"I'm not your roof, you old hypocrite! I am in my own bed, on my own roof, if anybody!" My name is Franz Porzig, baron. May I inquire what you and these gaping servants are doing here, and why my valet, Sam, let you in before I am up?"

The situation was interesting, and when the baron gave his name, so well-known in financial circles as the head of an immense cattle syndicate in the West, the old gentleman appeared amused. "My dear Baron," he remarked, "rise a little and look around and repeat if you can that you are on your own roof. So many houses join that you may have moved your bed during the restlessness of a hot night."

The baron arose and gazed about him, more and more dazed. The sun-scorched his eyes and he was bewildered by the vast network of wires, brown-stone mansions and spires visible far around him on all sides. He rubbed his eyes, beat his head, gave it up and reclined again. "Oh, well!" he murmured, "it's a dream; I'll sleep it out."

"What do you say?" demanded Mr. de Land, kindly.

The baron opened his eyes, "It's a dream."

## ECHOES FROM THE STAGE.

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE SUMMER THEATRICAL WORLD.

Pauline Hall to Reappear at the Casino Sept. 17—"La Mexicana" Likely to Follow "The Brigands"—Hattie Delaro's Recent Experiences on the Road—Herrmann's Vaudeville Sall.

Frank A. Slocum, who has very nearly as many diamonds as his radiant brother John, will manage Ezra Kendall next season in "A Fair of Kids." Lillian Hamilton and Jennie Dunn will be the kids. The season will open Aug. 26 in Boston. John Slocum will again join the forces of Metastayer and Vaughn, who are rehearsing their "Tourists" at Red Bank, N. J.

Sol Smith Russell was in town yesterday with E. G. Kidder, the author of "A Poor Relation," the play in which Mr. Russell will this month appear at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Russell was engaging his company yesterday, and you would have thought that the whole profession was looking for engagements if you had seen the swarms dancing attendance upon him.

It is said that the opera which will succeed "The Brigands" at the Casino, and precede "La Mexicana," will be an adaptation of "La Fille du Tambour-Major."

Miss Leonora Bradley, now playing in "The Lion and the Lamb" at the Bijou, has a distinct grievance. "On Monday night," she said yesterday, "I had some lovely flowers sent me. They were unexpected, and I longed to have them handed to me over the footlights. Against the rules of the management, I was told. I sent to have an exception made in my favor. But it was not to be, and I got my flowers placidly and unostentatiously at the stage door. What is the good of flowers under those circumstances, I should like to know?"

Miss Hattie Delaro-Barnes, full of her Kansas City mishaps, was in the city yesterday. "One week's salary out of four was all that I had in that Snatchford company," she said with a rueful countenance, "so I packed up my little trunk and came home. The most mortifying thing about the whole affair is that business was very good. It was through mismanagement that the affair went to pieces. But in spite of my misfortunes I enjoyed myself socially in Kansas City. Lovely people, I assure you."

Trewey and other people who go to make up Herrmann's Transatlantic Vaudeville Company, sail from Liverpool to-day by the City of New York.

Col. McCull and Mr. A. M. Palmer have put their heads together and decided to commemorate the one hundredth presentation of "Clover," Wednesday evening, Aug. 14, by a beautiful souvenir.

How these heads came together with 3,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean between them is a problem unsolved. But the idea is pretty and does credit to the agent.

Nat Goodwin paid a visit to the Madison Square Theatre and laughed at the comedy in "Bootsie's Baby" on Monday night. Last night he visited the Bijou and saw "The Lion and the Lamb."

Manager to Actor—All right, Mr. Jones, you shall hear from me in a week. In the mean time, I'll make some inquiries about you.

Actor—Thanks. At the end of a week I shall be able to give you my answer. In the mean time, I'll do a little inquiring on my own account.

Miss Pauline Hall is in the city. Her contract with Rudolph Aronson begins Sept. 17, when she will appear at the Casino again.

Music in Mount Morris Park.

There will be music in Mount Morris Park at 8 o'clock this evening by Clappe's Seventy-first Regiment Band. A descriptive piece, "Night Alarm," will be the feature of the evening.

Coming Events.

Jacob Ransckolb Society, annual excursion to Paines Park, Aug. 11.

New York Retail Grocers' Union, annual picnic and summer-night festival, Suizer's Harlem River Park, Aug. 8.

Herman Jacoby, employees annual excursion to Woodside, L. I., Aug. 10.

A Natural Mistake.

Cholly—How did Fwaddy come to lose his cane, George?

George—Well, the other day the officers came around to arrest Fwaddy, don'tcher know, and by some mistake or other they got hold of Fwaddy's cane instead of him.

"That was sad!"

"Indeed it was. And Fwaddy needs his cane real badly."

Go away, specters. This is not New Dresden nor Idaho, nor the Porzig ranch; there are no cattle visible, no horses, no sheep. Go away. I dream."

"Baron, arouse yourself! This is the city of New York. You are on the roof of a stranger, though not a stranger to your fame. New Dresden (Idaho, has filled many pages of the morning papers for two days. It was destroyed night before last by the most terrible cyclone ever known. Every inhabitant is supposed to be dead, and your name heads the death-list. Every vestige of your buildings, every head of your stock has been wiped out. Arouse, I say, and explain yourself."

The affrighted baron sprang from his bed like a madman and gazed at De Land, his night-gown blown by the fresh ocean breeze. "Impossible, sir! Impossible! I went to bed in New Dresden last night, 2,500 miles from New York. How could I have been transported so far in so short a time? Go away! I am no lunatic."

"But look around you."

Porzig's gaze again swept the horizon, and he gasped for breath. "It is New York," he sighed. "I am mad, then, not dreaming."

"No, my friend, you are neither mad nor dreaming. You are sane, and what is better, by happening to be away from home you alone have escaped the fury of the cyclone. Come. You have had a jolly night of it somewhere in this vicinity, and your companions have played a practical joke on you. Let me give you some clothing and breakfast, and then we can talk calmly over the situation."

## STATE FISH-HATCHERIES.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS FROM WHICH OUR STREAMS AND LAKES ARE SUPPLIED.

There Are Three in This State, of Which the Caledonia Hatchery is the Largest—Skilled Experts Take Care of the Fry—Supt. Green's Interesting Report of the Output for the Season.

The Superintendent of the State Fish Hatchery, at Caledonia, has just made his report of the fish and eggs shipped and turned loose during the season, which ended on June 24.

It shows a grand total of 13,492,603.

The Caledonia Hatchery is the oldest hatchery in the State. There are three others in this State, two in the Adirondack Mountains and one at Cold Spring, L. I., but the Caledonia Hatchery is the largest of the lot, and is looked upon as the parent of the others.

The fish hatcheries belong to one of the most important departments in the State. At these places millions of fish are bred every year and sent out for free distribution in public waters, and in that way the streams are kept well supplied.

The Caledonia hatchery is located in Caledonia Creek, and is an object of great interest to professional fishermen.

During the past season the work has been carried on at its maximum, and it has contributed largely to stocking both private and public waters in the State.

In fact, the coming production of the trout make it necessary to utilize the outside water as nurseries for the fry that need to be kept until ready for distribution.

The waters are naturally adapted to this purpose. Caledonia Creek, being one great spring coming from under limestone rock has a temperature so nearly uniform all the year around that there is never any serious hindrance from freezing.

The work of caring for the fry is in the hands of skilled experts, who have the advantage of long experience.

The grounds were materially enlarged a few years ago and a greater frontage was secured. Many buildings were erected on them, including an ice and meat house, and a large building for the storage of fish.

The season begins in the latter part of January and ends in the early part of July.

Owners of lakes and streams have to make application for fish before the 1st of January, and then have to pay all expenses for forwarding their supplies.

Supt. Monroe L. Green, of the Caledonia Hatchery, has been very active during the past season, as his report to the Fish Commission will show.

In the document he has just sent to them he gives the following interesting statistics: White fish fry deposited in Lake Ontario, 1,000,000; trout fry deposited in Hemlock Lake, 80,000; salmon trout fry, 1,501,000; salmon trout fry, 750,000; brook trout fry, 1,325,500; brook trout eggs, 100,000; brook trout yearling, 435; brown or German trout fry, 750,000; brook trout fry, 1,325,500; California trout fry, 738,000; California trout eggs, 125,000; California trout fry, 1,325,500; brook trout fry, 1,325,500; hybrid fry from four to six years old, 200.

The above are deposited in inland lakes and streams.

Shipment of shrimps, 30,000; shipment of German carp, 23; shipment of bullheads, 20; shad fry deposited in the Hudson River, 6,033; 2,000; making a grand total of 13,492,603.

This is an extraordinarily good showing.

Recent Events.

A western poet has cause to complain that his line, "The rhetoric defunct of fairy love," appeared in print as "The rhetoric defunct of prairie love." The atmosphere of Illinois affected the composers, who were more familiar with prairies than fairies. One of the oddest typographical errors ever made in Boston was in a book published by the firm of Crocker & Brewster, which had just been brought to public attention by the death of Mr. Brewster. It was in one of the sermons of Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, the great orthodox divine. The doctor quoted the Scripture text, "Cut him down. Why cumbereth he the ground?" The intelligent compositor put it in type, "Cut him down, like a cucumber, to the ground."

A Bachelor at Ten.

James Rodgers, barely ten years of age, was locked up last night charged with burglaries of considerable extent. He is believed to be responsible for a large share of the depredations that have annoyed South and West Side people for some time past. Although looking younger than he really is, he is reported by the police to carry on his operations with unusual daring. He was arrested on the confession of a boy who had been pressed in as an assistant. Part of the stolen property was found when the officers made the arrest, and the boy has been lodged at Central Station until the case against him can be prepared.

That Settled It.

"That settles it," said a prisoner whom his Honor sentenced to the work-house for sixty days the other morning.

"Settles what?" asked the officer to whom the remark was addressed.

"I have been troubled in my mind whether to go down to Long Branch or up to Mackinac this summer. Now I won't have to go to either."

He half arose on his bed and looked around in a bewildered way.

Woman, who he now recalled, was the most famous beauty of the day. When the ladies retired, Mr. de Land produced the morning papers and handed them to Porzig. The

## "THE LION AND THE LAMB."

There has never been any act of Congress changing the imagination of the novelist and playwright to the exclusive discussion of a love story. But it seems to be an unwritten law that without love scenes and heart episodes both novel and play are in danger of condemnation.

People never tire of seeing the leading lady wed the leading man, of mating the juvenile with the ingenue and of finding a bride for the character man in the first old lady. Messrs. Will H. Wilson and Julius A. Lewis in "The Lion and the Lamb," now running at the Bijou Theatre, have dared to make the love episode absolutely insignificant. Instead of caring matrimonially for their pretty girls, they have extended their energies on the portrayal of the eccentricities of a queer old man, who wants to be looked upon as a rone, and who in the language of the programme—is "something of a lion, but more of a lamb."

This old fellow's ambition is to be the talk of the club. He yearns to be known as "a man about town," that mythical being who has carte blanche at his tailor's, and private, unpaid accounts everywhere. He is like Mlle. Nochez, a talented dancer, to his room, merely for the purpose of having her discovered there by his three jolly bachelor friends. He offers her \$500 if she will leave her hat and gloves on his table, and appear from an adjoining room when he gives her the signal to do so. There is a suggestiveness in the conversation leading up to this point that might perhaps be omitted.

Mr. Lamb's adventure is unearched by the husband of Mlle. Nochez, and the climax to the act is very funny and capably worked up. The old gentlemen then fights a duel and ends by marrying a widow, who drinks cordial and smokes cigarettes, because she imagines it the fashion to do so.

There are many excellent things in "The Lion and the Lamb." Some of the lines are scientific with humor; many of the situations are novel and entertaining. The duel scene is very funny, and though hypercritical may point to a suggestion of Bob Acres, hypercriticism has never been known to be of much importance.

The last act is bad. It is inexcusably weak. There is absolutely no denouement, and after a three-act sojourn in a theatre, I think an audience deserves some sort of a settlement. There is a song and dance brilliantly introduced; much table dodging and sofa jumping; an unnecessary whiskey story, and a very painful corpse episode, that ought to be eliminated without delay. The simulated death of a husband and the poignant grief of his wife are not subjects for comedy. They amster a donecliche shock to an audience.

Messrs. Wilson and Lewis in "The Lion and the Lamb" have a play that can become an agreeable success. They intend "whipping" it into shape. I would suggest that they confine their operations almost entirely to the last act.

The cast is an excellent one. Charles Coote, as the old man, gave an admirable performance of much artistic value. Tyrone Power was effectively unconventional, while Miss Leonora Bradley, as the widow, played with pleasantly repressed exuberance. After Mr. Coote's performance, that of Miss Gabrielle Du Sauld, as Mlle. Nochez, calls for the second prize. Miss Du Sauld is an artist. Miss Helen Shannon had very little to do but look the ingenue. She looked the ingenue.

Sheridan Tupper played the thankless part of an alcoholic evangelical worker. The role is in bad taste, and "The Lion and the Lamb" would not be hurt if it were quietly dropped.

ALAN DALE.

A Give-Away.

Holmes (studying Gatsby's trunk)—You travelled quite a bit last season, my boy. Where now?

Small Visitor—Please, sir, I'm from the trunk man, sir; an' he says as here's a label he forgot to put on!

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## AMONG THE FUN-MAKERS.

WHAT THE JOKERS ARE SAYING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

A Summer Idyl: or, Voices and Faces.

First City Young Lady—Listen, Flo, how sweetly the children sing!

Second City Young Lady—Ah, Gladys, what would I not give to be one of those happy, happy children!

Up and Down.

"I called, sir," said old Jinks to the tailor, "in reference to the letter you sent about the way my son has treated you. I guess you will find him all right in the future, because he has promised me to settle down."

"That doesn't interest me," replied the tailor. "I want him to settle up."

Her Mother Was Right.

Fanny (who lives across the street)—What caused you to give up your singing, Ethel?

Ethel Screecher—Oh, mother persuaded me to give it up. You see, Fanny, we are keeping boards now.

Admiration.

"Are you unfriendly with this man?" asked the Judge.

"I am not, sir; I used to be, but I don't now."

"What has caused this sudden change in your feelings?"

hard he could hit. I never knew before how hard he could hit. He certainly is a daisy."

She Earned It.

"Do you belong to the Salvation Army?" he asked of a stern-visaged woman who stood at his side.

"No, sir. I don't. But in this generation of tired men," she added, with a withering glance at the row